

MIRACLES IN BROOKLYN

PEOPLE WHO SAY THEY'RE CURED BY
A MAN WHO SAYS HE'S SCHLATTER.

He Treats the Invaluable Allments and He
jects Cases of Vialble Disabilities, Suc
as Paralysis—His Choice of Subjects Dic
tated, He Says, by the Lord—The Res

In the front row of seats at the Athenaeum church, in Atlantic avenue, near Clinton street, there sat last night a line of men and women whose eyes were turned toward the stage and the altar where stood a man who held out to them the blessing of release from all their ills. There were the maimed, the halt, the blind and the weary. On one face was the pallor of long-borne pain; another was lined with the deep traces of disease, and from a third there stared cruel, sightless eyes. Paired hand in hand, they came to the front of the stage stood and listened. One man, whose face was divine, instrument of God sent to heal all who were of firm faith; that his name was Schlatter, the famous "Healer," whose wonderful cures in Denver three years ago rang through the country; that he had arisen from death, having been dead forty days and buried in the earth for the fourth time, bestowing blessing on the earth for the fourth time, by the power of the Almighty, delegated to him, as he goes.

To the thirty persons in the front row, called

ness while he spoke his message. A hundred other persons, who had come out of curiosity or because they had friends there, divided their attention between the "Healer" and the sufferers. They saw on the stage a tall and very thin man with a long, lean face terminating in a beard that can be likened—and without any intention of caricature or ridicule—only to a stalactite. It tapered to a dagger-like point that reached far down on his bosom and swayed stiffly as he spoke. On the broad

for his new role as a minister. He was dressed not on a somewhat smaller scale. His bearing and figure was clad in the conventional ministerial frock suit of black. His voice was softer and rather indistinct in his opening address, while his was long and somewhat rambling. He showed himself in it to be a man of at least a smattering of learning, some acquaintance with English literature and literature and the sciences, but his faulty grammar forbade the supposition of thorough education.

In substance he stated that he was the Rev. Charles McLean, M. D., better known as Dr. Schlatter the Healer, and that the bones found in the desert in 1887 and supposed to be his were not; that his healing powers were hereditary, and that those powers came direct from God.

The newspapers had told all about him, he said, and though some of them had been un-

him, he had no companions to help him. He had no books or papers, and the columns about him in a Brooklyn newspaper would, by the grace of God, for his truthfulness and intelligence, as shown in the article, be found in editorial chair of that paper when he, Schlatter, next returned to Brooklyn. On the other hand, his hearers must not believe the lying sheeplike words which he had said, his cure of the man, a confirmed faith and old insensibility when Schlatter usually referred to himself as "we." When referring to his cures, occasional lapsing into "I" was inevitable.

"What we do," said he, "is done publicly. Many come to us that we cannot help in private. Whatever is done by us is done for all. I have cured a man of the Philadelphia Philadelphian where I have just been, have offered \$1,000 to any detective, doctor or minister, or any one else, who could prove that any case of my healing was a fraud or a fake, but nobody has come forward to claim that reward. Those who are cured find it to get the blessing because

they move. Whether they remain here through the week or not depends entirely on you people. It makes no difference to us. We have other work to do and will go elsewhere if they do not stay. I have been told that you have been forty days. God has told me to take the case no man who has not full faith in Him and His son, Christ. In Philadelphia a man was bitter against me because he had been told I told him no faith in Christ and then I admitted he was a Jew. So long as you believe in Christ you may come to us. Catholics are as good as Protestants; better. In fact, for many years I have been told that you may lay your hands on no one under 14 years of age and upon no one of little faith.

Healed. We wash our hands between each use. And if any one surgeon is not fully healed, as has been charged, he may look for himself."

He pointed to the stand, on which stood pitcher, a large cut-glass bowl full of water, and a tumbler. As nobody came forward he continued:

"With my hands on the head of the sufferer I then make an extempore prayer, and soothe their feelings. This is followed by a tingling from head to foot. Then all pains leave them. Don't be discouraged if you aren't entirely cured the first time. Some cases have come back many times. I have seen the perfect cure brought about a perfect cure. Don't interrupt me. Let me do this my own way. To you, who are

There is no cause for fear. I will now question each one of you and reject those whose faith is not perfect."

Descending from the stage he went along the row rapidly asking questions of each sufferer. In few cases did it take him more than half a minute to reach his conclusions. The conversation with the last person on the line, a woman, the reporter heard:

"What is your trouble?" asked Schlatter.

"I have a bad ringing in my ears," said the woman.

"One ear or both?"

"Both."

"Have you faith in the almighty power of God, and faith in Christ?"

"Yes."

"You may remain."

back of the second row. One or two began to plead with the "Healer," but he would not listen. As they went to a doctor, who sat back in the reporter, said:

"I am not curing every blind person and paralyzed and cripple. That means he won't attempt a case where the cure would show for itself. You'll see that every case he treats will be on the testimony of the patient for results; and he may be able to hypnotize or magnetize them into a temporary belief that they are cured." This prophecy, so far as it concerned the future, turned out to be a prophecy.

Schlatter motioned to the first person on the left of the line to come forward. This was a woman of about 30, well dressed and wearing

conversation, repeating the words and actions which were given in a low tone, so that it could hear:

"What is your name?—Mrs. Burns."

"Where do you live?—23 Bond Street."

"What is your trouble?—Tumor and asthma."

"How long have you had it?—Six or eight years."

"Did the doctors help you? She says the tumor helped."

"Take off those things. [He takes away her glasses and puts them on the table.] They are the curse of the world, those glasses. How can one have faith in the Lord, he sees his sin, and he has his sight?—Use the eyes that God gives you."

For the first time Schlatter spoke in Ion

sat down with her back to the audience and removed her hat and gloves. She covered her head and face with all the other women. Placing his hands over his eyes, he began to utter a prayer rapidly and in the same low tones that in the audience only the sinner in the fourth row began to see some women in the fourth row became very much amused here and began to giggle audibly, but were quickly frownd down by the rest of the audience. Whatever might be the cause of this, it was a very deep and sorrowful insult to the poor creatures in the front row who sat gazing with rapt attention. It was a sight to arouse amazement, nothing but amusement. The minister, however, did not seem to be at all perturbed. He continued apparently not to hear the giggling. His prayer lasted

"She says," he announced as Mrs. Burnle the stage with a hopeful look in her face, "th she has had a message. The Lord has told h